



Castles in Spain

WINIFRED SACKVILLE-STONER



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1901

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CASTLES IN SPAIN

AND OTHER SKETCHES IN RHYME



BY

WINIFRED SACKVILLE-STONER.

THE
Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

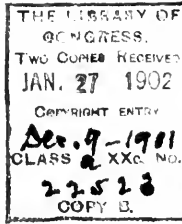
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FIFTH AVENUE

London

NEW YORK

Montreal



PS3537
T684C3
1901

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AS A TOKEN OF LOVE
TO HIM
WHO HAS INSPIRED THESE THOUGHTS
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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Thoughts in Verse.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

Castles in Spain.

On, beautiful "Castles in Spain,"
In aerial kingdoms fair,
Evolved from the teeming brain
Of childhood untroubled by care.
There are dollies and sweetmeats galore,
And never a soul to restrain,
By saying, "You cannot have more,"
In those beautiful "Castles in Spain."

In the castles of maidenhood's dreams
The fairest of visions dwell—
Of music, and books, and sunbeams,
And handsome young lovers, who tell
Each other the story so old,
Yet always so new told again,

Of love that shall never grow cold
In those beautiful "Castles in Spain."

Young motherhood's dreams just as tender
For the dear life she clasps to her breast,
Find expression in castles of splendor,
With honor the principal guest ;
Where never the shadow of wrong
Her loved one's escutcheon shall stain,
But honest and valiant and strong
He shall dwell in her Castle in Spain.

Oh, how those bright visions relieve
The humdrum or sadness of life,
And sweeten the sorrows that grieve
The hearts of those vanquished in strife
With the world, where only those win,
Who are deaf to the moanings of pain,
God help those so sodden within
That they cannot build "Castles in
Spain."

The True Home-Maker.

Ah, true love is as a glorious day
When the robins sing in the month of
 May ;
'Tis free from fear and it conquers sorrow
And has no thought of the coming morrow.

Give me the sweet maid with the lovelit
 eye,
With her I would live, with her I would
 die,
For she who loves truly brings peace and
 rest
To home, that dear spot we all love the
 best.

My Mandolin.

It rains and the complaining wind
Sighs dismally without,
And melancholy thoughts my mind
Becloud and fill with doubt—
Within, without, a threatening night ;—
'Tis then I seek my mandolin
To dissipate the clouds within ;
To put my gloomy thoughts to flight.

My attic room, so small and bare,
Grows large and spacious quite,
The walls adorned with paintings rare,
And tapestries most bright,
Created by the magic spell
Of sweetest tuneful witchery,
That far beyond the restless sea
Bears me to scenes I love so well.

Now tender tones of love arise
In melody divine,

The love that thrives 'neath sunny skies,
But shivers in this clime,
The land of wintry wind and snow
Where men strive most for yellow gold,
And everything is bought and sold
And blood flows sluggishly and slow.

Then brighter, quicker moves the strain
As if fair maidens gay
Sang joyously some bright refrain
And danced their merry lay,
As only southern maidens dance
With care, abandon, easy grace,
With laughter rippling every face
And witchery in every glance,

Again the merry music done,
I hear the sounds of day,
The heavy carts that one by one
Pursue their rumbling way ;
And footsteps hastening to the mart,
Where merchandise and men are sold
And where the greed for gold makes
cold
The warmest impulse of the heart.

"Love."

OH love thou touchest with thy wand
Things base, transforming them to things
Divine ; by magic spell, the dreary task
Becomes a joy and darkness light.
Despair yields hope, transfigured are
All common things with heavenly sheen,
And life is desolate no more ;
In loving one I learn to love
All nature, animate or still,
But most of all, sweet love, thyself,
Who touched my eyelids with thy wand
That I might see the lovely soul,
Deep hid beneath these outward charms,
And freed from bonds of outward sense
Be held enthralled by sense within.

L'Exile.

I LOVE Italia's sunny skies,
Where fruits and maidens ripen young—
Dark maids, whose deep and soulful eyes
Have heart of many a Northern wrung.

I love, too, gay light-hearted France,
I love the lazy, drowsy Seine :
I love to see the maidens dance—
The dark-browed maids of Spain.

But still, unsatisfied, my heart,
As o'er the world I roam,
Seeks her, from whom the seas me part—
Part from my love and home.

Yet sweet the sorrow, sweet the pain—
Yea, sweet with love that heals ;
That memory gone were loss, not gain,
For gone, too, heaven that love reveals.

When we said "Good-night" at The
Gate.

THE evening was cold and the sky was
clear

But beat my heart at a fearful rate,
I knew not whether from joy or fear

When we said "Good-night" at the
gate.

I placed my arm where it ought to be,

Around the waist of my darling Kate ;
She feigned to be shocked and tried to
flee

When we said "Good-night" at the
gate.

But I held her tight as a bold man should

Determined to settle forever my fate,
And she faintly protested "Please, be
good,"

When we said "Good-night" at the
gate.

When we Said " Good-Night. 17

Then rashly I stole from her a sweet kiss
And struggling she cried, " Good-night,
it's so late."

Then held up her mouth for another, Oh,
bliss !

When we said " Good-night " at the
gate.

Forget Thee?

AH didst thou think I could forget thee,
Or the lightest word of thine,
Whatever worldly cares may fret me
I, forget that soul divine?

No, dear one, I can ne'er forget thee,
For thy portrait's on my heart,
And wherever the fates may lead me,
Love, from thee I'll never part.

Even in death, I will be with thee,
Since my soul is joined to thine,
And the grave can never part me
From the love I know is mine.

This life at best is only dreaming
And your memory all that's true,
It fills my heart with joy-beams streaming
Through the cloud-drifts straight from
you.

Love's Patience.

THERE is no hopelessness in love
That has no passion, nor desire
Unholy—but kindled from above
Burns steady with celestial fire.

Though now rejected, unrequited,
Or hid unknown within the breast,
Somewhere—sometime when all is righted
That love shall bring the longed-for
rest.

What matters time—a thousand years,
With such assurance in the heart,
How foolish heart-aches, secret tears,
If sometime met, we ne'er shall part.

E'en now my soul o'er thine at night
E'er hovers with protecting care,
Inspiring visions, fair and bright,
Inspiring dreams as light as air.

And while engaged the busy day
Through subtle agency unknown,
Thy thought unspoken speeds its way
From thy sweet mind unto mine own.

Let fools and knaves to win consent
Bend all their energies, while I,
With lower conquest discontent,
By force of love itself will try.

For prize no less than spotless soul
To keep it spotless till it shine
Resplendent in the years that roll
Unceasingly then rightly mine.

Nor let the thought abhorrent be,
For changed by love that beautifies
When shed this chrysalis there free
My soul laid bare before thine eyes

Shall then compel thy love, perchance,
When others, although comely here,
Deprived of outward circumstance,
Unlovely and deformed appear.

Love's Patience.

Thus shall my love again exalt

My soul, long since cast down from
Heaven

By selfish pride and other fault

That curses man when passion-driven.

Eileen, My Queen.

I LOVE but thee, but thee,
My Queen ;
If only thou couldst see,
My Queen,
How deep love's dart
Hath pierced my heart,
I ween
Some ruth thou'dst feel for me.

I long for thee, for thee,
My Queen ;
With grief too deep to be,
My Queen ;
To others shown
By tear or moan !
Unseen,
I long, I grieve for thee.

I live for thee, for thee,
My Queen ;

And through eternity,
 My Queen,
This sweetest dream
Shall be my theme—
 Eileen—
My only theme shall be.

I sing to thee, to thee,
 My Queen,
And though it may not be
 My Queen,
That thou wilt care
I'll not despair,
 Eileen,
But ever wait for thee.

I woo but thee, but thee,
 My Queen,
And pray that thou wilt be
 My Queen.
Accept my love
Sent from above,
 Eileen,
To bring thy soul to me,

I'd die for thee, for thee,
My Queen,
If thou wouldst feel for me,
My Queen,
That spark divine
Thy soul and mine,
Eileen,
In bliss fore'er would be.

(This poem has been set to music by the
author and published as a ballad.)

From Heart to Heart.

OH, dear is the memory of that summer
evening,

Its stillness reflecting our silence pro-
found,

When we, only two, seemed the whole of
existence,

And needed not aid of articulate sound,
For love's subtle language our thoughts
did impart

From heart to heart, from heart to heart.

The joy of affection, bestowing its rich-
ness

In profusion unstinted, unbounded, on
me,

Was only excelled by the pleasure, of
giving

My own greatest measure of love unto
thee,

And thus we conversed till thou hadst to
depart,

From heart to heart, from heart to heart.

But now thou art absent in far distant
country,

An ocean between us and many broad
lands,

And though in my soul there is ever a
longing

To see thee, and kiss thee, and clasp thy
dear hands,

Our love speeds across with invincible art,
From heart to heart, from heart to
heart.

No power on earth is sufficient to sever

A union so subtle, and truly divine,

Though death should remove thee, and
leave me in sorrow

Thy heart will be mine and my heart
will be thine,

Our thoughts will through infinite distance
still dart,

From heart to heart, from heart to heart,

The Old Folk's Plaint.

OH, the weary hours of waiting,
Waiting anxiously to hear,
From our loved one at a distance,
In suspense 'twixt hope and fear.
Is she well? or has some illness
Touched her with its sad'ning blight?
How we wish we knew the reason
Why our darling does not write,

Can it be that she forgets us,
In the busy city's whirl?
God forbid that we should harbor,
Doubt of our dear little girl.
There's the postman—but he passes,
Passes quickly from the sight,
How we wish we knew the reason,
Why our darling does not write.

When "Someone" Goes Away.

WHEN "Someone" goes away for the day
The sunshine beams less warm and
bright,

For he takes so much of the sun away,
What's left is by comparison slight,
When "Someone" goes away for the day.

When "Someone" goes away for the day,
The moments drag and the hours are
slow,

And move with the most annoying delay
And I wish from my heart he wouldn't
go,

When "Someone" goes away for the day.

When "Someone" goes away for the day,
I feel as if everything else had gone
That is sweet and pleasant and joyous and
gay,

And my heart is lonely and oh, forlorn,
When "Someone" goes away for the day.

A Naughty Angel.

I KNOW a naughty girl,
And she's an angel, too,
Who sets my head awlirl,
(So wicked is this girl),
With glances that pierce me through,
And yet she's an angel too.

Her cheek with crimson glows,
As laughing she turns away ;
And I really think she knows
(For her cheek with crimson glows)
What I am longing to say,
When laughing she turns away.

Oh, how I wish I could guess,
What answer to me she would give,
If now I should dare to confess,
(From her manner I never could
guess)
That for her and her only I live,
I wonder what answer she'd give ?

Constancy.

THY heart again will turn to mine,
Thou hast for me no passing thought ;
Thy thoughts to others now incline,
Yet in thy moments sorrow fraught
Thy heart again will turn to mine.

Thy heart again will turn to mine,
Though wealth and station draw away,
Thy mind from me, that soul divine
Dissatisfied will be some day ;
Thy heart again will turn to mine.

Thy heart again will turn to mine ;
Thy love deceptive senses steal,
From me ; yet why should I repine ?
When Heaven shall the soul reveal,
Thy heart again will turn to mine.

Sorrow for a Loved One.

THE sky is dull, without a lull,
The wind moans dismally ;
The clouds are weeping, their mood in
keeping,
With griefs that compass me.

My love lies ill and sad and still,
Who once, with movement free,
With easy grace and smiling face,
Ran with my heart from me.

Lost sight of you, my heart lost too—
Ah, me, can I endure ?
But yet bereft not, though love is left not,
Still hope remains secure.

The Immortality of Love.

DID'ST thou love but that sparkling eye,
That stately form, that youthful bloom,
So beautiful, yet made to die.

To give the soul expanding room,
That unconsoled thou grieve'st still,
To part, nor yield'st to God's will.

Alas, poor child, immersed in sense,
Thy loss indeed cannot be measured ;
For thee there is no recompense,
Since thou has but the casket treasured,
And not the jewel or thy heart,
Would know that loving souls ne'er
part.

Not all the force on earth unjust,
Of laws or outward circumstance,
Or yet of death—to whom all dust,
At last surrenders—if, perchance,
Two souls be wedded, can remove,
Them from companionship in love.

The Immortality of Love. 33

All outward barriers are as naught,
For love is not of time or place,
But finds its object with a thought,
So mighty that it fills all space,
And comfort, peace, protection lends,
The one who gives, the one who sends.

A Love Affair Among the Flowers.

"How beautiful you are," once said
The lily to the rose,
"I wish my color was as red,
As that which on you glows."

The rose grows redder still with pleasure,
And whispers soft reply,
"Your color pure more precious treasure,
To me would be, think I."

The lily pale then gently bent,
Her head the rose to kiss,
Reflecting back the flush that lent,
The rose of perfect bliss.

Imogene.

SAD songs of woe the weird wind weaves,
And murmur sweet and low
In tender sympathy the leaves
And tinkling brook below.

For Imogene no longer strays
Beneath the grateful shade,
Her eyes illumined by the rays
Of love-light—half afraid.

The listening flowers and brook and trees,
Her secret should divine,
And then the idle, tattling breeze
To publish it incline.

Funeral songs the weird wind weaves,
The dirge of broken hearts ;
In strain in which it always grieves
For souls when torn apart.

Yet faintly, sweetly, from afar
There breathes another strain,
“ In spite of every earthly bar
Your souls can ne'er be twain.

“When welcome Death with icy finger
Unlocks thy prison door,
Your souls will not an instant linger
Till met to part no more.”

Comfort.

AGONIZED soul, a word of peace
All sentient life the same endures.
In kind, though not in same degree,
The lower forms but feel some loss
Immediate, while others higher up
The scale, more delicately fashioned,
Respond to finer notes of joy or woe.
The discords that musicians make
In searching for the key, soon end
In harmony profound, if but
The strings withstand and do not break.

Adios.

A WHISTLE, a throb, and the steamer
moves

Away from the dock with its living
freight.

I wonder if any one leaves all he loves,
Like me and despairingly curses his
fate?

For all seem gay, and happy, and free
From my shadow of sorrow, that's ever
nigh ;

But each one with smiles, it may be, like
me

Is hiding his sadness from curious eye.

My darling, my loved one, think some-
times of me,

For a kind thought of thine will instantly speed

From thy soul to mine, how wide so e'er be

The distance dividing by grim fate decreed.

Misfortune Sometimes Gain.

A BEAUTIFUL and fragrant rose,
A rose of richer red
Than others in the garden grows,
And gayly nods her head.

In playful mood by zephyrs kissed,
Until the rough, unkind
Storm wind replaced the zephyrs missed
To render sport inclined;

And tossed poor rose from side to side
Till prostrate all she fell,
There she was found at eventide
By one who loved her well.

He lifted her most tenderly
And set in place secure
From rough winds' fingers ever free
To drink the sunlight pure.

Thus her misfortune proved her gain,
For had she been but stronger,
And able to withstand the strain,
She must have done so longer.

What is Love ?

“ I Love you, dear,” the youth declared.
The maiden smiled and gently said,
“ I know not love—what is it, pray ? ”
Then shrank away in nameless fear.

“ My love,” said he, “ is fierce desire
To call my own those charms of thine,
That hair, those lips, that glorious eye,
That form—to know that all is mine.”

“ I like not love,” the maid demurred :
“ It fills my shrinking heart with fear.
I fear, I fear, I know not what;
Don’t speak of love again, my dear.”

“ I love you, dear,” he said again,
When time had streaked his raven hair.
“ And what is love ? ” the woman asked,
“ I’ve found it not—sought everywhere.”

“ My love,” this time he made reply,
 “ Seeks but to fill with joy your life,
To soothe your sadness, care relieve,
 To live for you alone, my wife.”

“ I like that love,” she gently sighed,
 “ All passion burns to ash and smoke ;
But love like this will never die,
 But heal the hearts that passion broke.”

The Burial of the Heroes of the Maine.

No din of conflict stirring their blood
To battle ; their country and glory the
stake ;

From slumber deep scarce one awake—
The assassin hurled them into the flood.

Although in darkness and stealth they
were slain,

We blazon their glory in the light of
day,

And humbly uncover our hands to the
clay

Of our heroes who perished on the battle-
ship Maine.

My Debt of Love.

I OWE thee nothing—nay not so—

For all I shall be evermore,
And all I am, to thee I owe,
In contrast with my life before.

My debt so great that thou didst live

That life to pay will not suffice,
My soul, my life, I gladly give :
Thou taking, make me debtor twice.

Such love as this few ever know,

And none shall know till self be lost,
The lover's obligations flow
From loving most and giving most.

Between the Lines.

DEAR Mary, I was glad to hear
From you, though brief your note ;
'Twas good to see your hand, my dear,
Though few the words you wrote ;
But somehow, dear, my heart inclines
To read much more between the lines.

There is one thing I long to write,
But, faithful to your lead,
Will leave my meaning hidden quite,
So you will have to read,
Unaided by all written signs,
Just as I read—between the lines.

II Sing to Thee Alone.

I CARE not for the rest that hear
These simple words of mine,
If they trill sweetly to thine ear,
O happiness divine.
I sing alone to thine, my dear,
I sing alone to thine.

And if my theme be sad or gay,
Or moved by passion free,
The sympathy thine eyes betray
Is more than fame to me.
I sing alone to thee, dear May,
I sing alone to thee.

Two Broken Ribs.

Who ever guessed she would have pressed
A man so close (I tell no fibs),
And e'en so long, though she is strong,
That she could fracture two stout ribs ?

"He" was so weak he could not speak,
Much less return the tight embrace ;
She held him fast, while he did last,
Although her ribs were out of place.

My gracious me, if I'd been he,
I'd summoned back life's ebbing tide ;
My own ribs break while I did make
All men to grudge the way I died.

Always, I ween, the same is seen
On every side we cast our eyes ;
The best those steal who cannot feel
Appreciation of their prize.

The Child Lovers.

WHERE the sparkling brooklet flows,
Two childish lovers fair
Inhale the breath of sweet wild rose
Borne on the drowsy air,
And dip their bare feet in the stream,
And dream in silence love's young dream.

Their visions bring to each a smile
Of innocence and bliss,
He holds her hand in his a while,
Then, bolder, steals a kiss—
A kiss of child-love, sweetest flower,
That blooms to fade within the hour.

In age, when joy of life appears
In retrospect alone,
While musing o'er the bygone years,
Their joys and sorrows flown,
I can recall no perfect bliss,
Except the thrill of that first kiss.

Adoration.

FROM the crown of her perfectly molded
head

To the tips of her dainty little toes
This maiden fills Venus with jealous
dread

And her wisdom the rule of Minerva
o'erthrows.

The beauty of one and the wisdom of
t'other,

Too much for the manly heart to with-
stand,

Has aroused in mine such a cursed pother,
That I think I'll escape to some foreign
land.

The Rose Immortal.

THERE bloomed in my garden a perfect
 rose,
 That nature had painted her richest
 red ;
A ruthless wind from the cold north
 blows
And leaves my sweet flower all shattered
 and dead ;
But fragrance and beauty it ever will
 shed—
Transplanted, that rose in my heart still
 grows.

Je Vous Aime.

- "JE VOUS AIME," the sweetest words
To be found in any tongue.
"Je vous aime," still sings my heart,
The song it hath ever sung.
- "Je vous aime," the only words
For whispering love complete.
"Je vous aime," my precious one,
"I love you," is not so sweet.
- "Je vous aime," the echo replies
In accents soft and clear.
"Je vous aime," I'd give the world
If yours were the voice I hear.
- "Je vous aime," 'tis music sweet
Unto my listening ear.
"Je vous aime"—won't you repeat
These words for me, my dear?

The Wanderer's Christmas.

No hope, no cheering hearth, no love
Save that forbidden but in thought,
Whose fruitage, not of earth, above
Self-thought, in sacrifice is sought.

The Christmas bells their merry chimes
For happy homes with children ring,
For me, who wander through strange
climes,
Instead of joy, they sadness bring.

O lingering death, O loveless life,
Yet 'twere a coward's act to end it,
A few more years of fruitless strife
Then rest when God shall send it.

The Charge of a "Nation."

FULL a league, full a league,
Full a league onward
Into the dens of hell—
"Nation," she thundered.
Forward she went herself,
Seized bottles from the shelf,
Threw them around pell-mell—
Yea, more than six hundred.

Bottles to the right of her,
Bottles to the left of her,
Bottles in front of her,
Shattered in pieces, fell ;
Then with her ax she broke,
Kegs with a single stroke,
Filled with fresh beer to sell—
To more than six hundred.

Flashed high her hatchet bare,
Slashing the picture there,

Dressed but in golden hair,
Which did her eyes annoy,
For rum and pictures vile
Made Carrie's blood to bile,
And she swore to destroy
Far more than six hundred.

Now with a few choice bricks
The mirrors got some nicks,
Then came the parting kicks
When "she" made for the door.
There a policeman stayed,
But she was not afraid ;
Battles she would have more—
Yea, more than six hundred.

So to the judge she said :
" By God's will I am led
To do your work instead,
And clean out the whole State.
I see no reason why
People should sell ' Old Rye,'
And bring to some sad fate
Far more than six hundred."

When can her glory fade ?
Oh, the wild raid she made
All the world wondered.
Honor the raid she made,
Honor this woman staid—
More than “the six hundred.”

Papa Nation's Song.

BYE, O Baby Bunting,
At home your Ma can't stay ;
For rum joints she's hunting,
To drive them all away.

So to Peoria
She's gone, to join the press
Of "Smasher's Mail." Your Ma
Is now the editress.

This journal will win fame
As the champion of negroes,
And whisky'll be to blame
For all our earthly woes.

But go to sleep, dear one,
You have nothing to fear ;
E'en though " Ma " must have fun,
Your Pa is ever here

To rock you when you sleep,
And feed you when you wake,
The house all clean to keep,
The bread and cakes to bake.

So Baby take pity
On your poor old Papa ;
Don't keep up that ditty,
But save it for Mama.

The Cause for Bachelor Maids.

SAINT VALENTINE, in the days of old,
Used for love-tokens great bags of gold,
But now, alas, all the millionaires
Have taken possession of his wares.

Then for a dot maidens did not pine,
As it was brought by Saint Valentine ;
Now without wealth 'tis often their fate
To live all alone without e'er a mate.

And this is the reason why, I fear,
The weddings grow scarcer every year ;
So in years to come we plainly see
How many bachelor maids there'll be.

Friendship.

THE burden too heavy for one to bear
Is easily borne by two,
And happiness doubled if another but
share
In the spirit of friendship true.

Though dark and weary and toilsome the
way
When traveled in solitude,
Beguiled by friendship 'tis light as day,
And fragrant with flowers all strewed.

The fever of passion consumeth the soul
And filleth with anguish the breast,
But friendship's medicament maketh it
whole,
And giveth the tortured heart rest.

Humanity.

O HAUGHTY one, who by thy nod,
 Since thou possessest yellow gold,
Controllest others as a god,
 Or holdest them like chattels sold ;
Thy grim contempt of human kind,
 That scorns the thought of brotherhood,
Shall brand on thee its well-defined
 And hideous similitude—
The punishment of all thy kind.

Thou, outwardly, shall take the shape
 Of thy deep-hidden, selfish pride,
And from thyself shall seek escape,
 In horror seek from self to hide ;
No human soul to give thee cheer,
 Since thou hast set thyself apart
For human souls to hate and fear,
 That awful brand distinct and clear.

Humanity makes common cause 'gainst
thee and cries,
 " How long ? how long ? " till, by his
 justly moving laws,
God shall avenge her grievous wrong,
 Usurping greed scourge from her throne
To servitude and bondage vile,
 And give humanity her own
Despite infernal force and wile
 Of those whose laugh means others'
 moan.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, the bosom fearless
Shrinks not from future cheerless,
Nor fears to meet the hardest destiny.
Farewell, no tears revealing
The hidden depths of feeling,
That numbing pain that suffers silently.

Farewell, the call obeying
Of duty, nor delaying
Obedience makes even sorrow blest.
Farewell, a hope unchidden,
By honor unforbidden,
Has kissed the face of grief and brought
her rest.

Farewell, the word is spoken
That other hearts has broken,
And changed the smiling paradise to
hell,

But look we for the dawning
Of brighter, better morning,
In world, where never more is said
“Farewell.”

The New Year.

A ROYAL welcome, Baby Year,
The first of the century new,
Yet for the old we drop a tear,
E'en while we are welcoming you—
In memory dear of the dead old year,
Who left us a friendship or two.

Our hopes are with thee, young one,
Such hopes as have weathered the blast,
Of fame this year or fortune won,
Withheld from us waiting the last,
Some great task done, last year begun,
Or planned in our dreams of the past.

Fair child, there's one at least who prays
That thou may'st bring less sorrow,
Bring fewer long and weary days,
And more like the blessed to-morrow,
With longing gaze at sunset rays,
So sweet from the future to borrow.

Sunrise and Sunset.

BESIDE my chamber window, just at the
dawn of day,
I love to watch the sunshine pierce
through the clouds of gray,
Bedecking all the dark earth in fairy robes
most bright,
And bringing joy and gladness with his
soft glowing light.

Again, when day is over and the hours
of toil are done,
I love once more to watch for the setting
of the sun,
As in robes of gorgeous splendor he
seeks his golden nest,
And bids us cease from labor and the
weary to find rest.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

“HE giveth his beloved sleep.”

Oh, rough and thorny is the way
O'er mountains high and steep,
Yet sweet to know at close of day
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

When life's great battle's fought,
The night of death with shadows deep
Succeeds the day in which we wrought—
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

“He giveth his beloved sleep,”

In which forgot are all the wrongs
That once did make us hopeless weep :
With slumber soothed by angels' songs—
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

L'Amitié.

To call thee friend, indeed were worth
Far more than all the loves of earth ;
Nor richer gift seek I, nor ask
Reward more great, whate'er the task.

Thy friendship, pure as heaven above—
The spirit, sanctified, of love—
Uplifts my soul to regions pure,
And holds it safe from evil lure.

Whatever web the Sisters weave
Concerns me not ; if they but leave
That treasure only, I am blest,
Forgetful that I lost the rest.

Absent, Yet Present.

ALONE am I in gayest throng,
But only then alone ;
In solitude I hear thy song
And drink thy liquid tone.

I see thy face, and hold once more
Sweet converse, dear, as true
As when we whispered words of yore
That breathed our love anew.

Can separated be two souls
When knit in love's embrace ?
Dost think that time the heart controls
Or knows the spirit space ?

The sluggish years that roll between
Bemoan I not, nor fear,
For they bring near the world dim seen,
Where all is now, and here.

Teach Me, Little Child.

O LITTLE child, do thou teach me
That I thy simple trust may learn,
And set my spirit wholly free
From doubts thy simple faith doth spurn.

I would unlearn the fruitless lore
The years have taught, that I may be
Instructed from thy wiser store—
O little child, pray teach thou me.

The Song of the Season.

THE earth is enwrapped in her mantle of
snow,
And harshly the rough winds sing ;
Yet nestling the warm buds are some-
where below
And patiently waiting for Spring.

The maples once green are lifeless and
bare
And icicles now to them cling,
Yet deep in the earth the sap is hid
there
To clothe them with leaves in the
Spring.

The robins have left us for sunnier clime,
But still their sweet melodies fling
To warm winds awaiting with them the
glad time,
When they shall return in the Spring.

The heart has its winter enshrouded in
gloom,

When life seems a valueless thing,
But buds of new hope are waiting to
bloom,

When winter shall melt into Spring.

The Children of the Tuileries.

WHEN dull seem even the Champs
Elysées

To heart that pleasure no longer pleases,
I love to sit on a summer day,
My forehead fanned by the fragrant
breezes,

Well shaded beneath a chestnut tree,
And watch the merry children play—
The children dear of the Tuileries.

The little girls in ribbons bright,
As lithe and graceful as young deer ;
The little boys in linen white,
With eyes from worldly shadows free,
Shed in my soul a calm delight,—
The children dear of the Tuileries.

And often I wonder how many sad,
Or ennuies, or sorrow laden,

Or tortured by conscience for deeds that
were bad,

Decrepit hag or love-lorn maiden,
Come here to drink of that childish glee,
And feel their hearts again made glad
By the children dear of the Tuileries.

The Soldier's Farewell.

A FEW short, fleeting, happy hours
When o'er our lives no shadow lowers,
When all the sky seems clear and blue
And little birds sing : " I love you."

But soon this happiness departs,
And darkness falls upon our hearts,
For I am called to go away
To distant lands the foe to slay.

Yet, darling, thou wilt ever be
In the fierce battle close to me,
For on my heart in death or life
Is the sweet image of "MY WIFE."

Brotherhood.

THOUGH wealth and power, inebriated,
drunken

With brief success of cunning schemes,
May view, unfeeling, faces shrunken
And eyes through which fierce hunger
gleams ;

And fools despise their fellow-men
Because of outward circumstance,
Nor think how quickly wayward chance
May turn the tables once again ;

Yet true remains the common heart
Of the great masses of mankind,
Unspoiled by wealth or ease, their part
To labor well with hand or mind,
Whate'er is theirs of strength or thought,
That beautiful and firm be wrought—
The throne of human brotherhood.

L'Amour Vrai.

Who doubt, love not, nor love can know,
But those whose faith is strong,
And, when attacked, does stronger grow ;
Who, true, can think no wrong.

Who love for this brief life's span,
Who love a year, a day,
Know not love's joy, nor ever can,
Like those who love for aye.

The Queen's Birthday.

EACH swift revolving year
 Adds one more jewel to the crown
Of years and honors dear
 To England as her own renown—
The crown of queenly Queen,
 Who mightiest empire mildly sways,
And reigns benign, serene,
 Enthroned where'er a Briton strays.

To Marie.

THOUGH Fate has cut the slender wire
That brought thy thought to me,
In common words, yet charged with fire
That warmed my heart to thee ;

Repine I not, for subtle thrill
That often stirs my mind,
Somehow convinces me that still
Thy thoughts of me are kind.

You Love Me (Not).

So troubled is my heart, dear one,
My muse has halted quite ;
Though spur and whip do urge her on,
Remains she still despite.

The song you wish I've tried to sing,
But cannot sing it well ;
As waters clear one cannot bring
From depths of turbid well.

For in my heart forever true,
Is one absorbing thought :
That, though I love and worship you,
You love, yes, love me Not.

The Real Santa Claus.

BESIDE the glowing fire, in its most cheerful light,
While Jack Frost decks the earth in a soft robe of white,
We love to sit together, just papa and me
With our dearest heart's treasure, Dickie,
on my knee.

Last night as we sat talking of our dear friend, St. Nick,
Tears came to the eyes of my darling Baby Dick.

"Oh, mama," he said, as he tightly held my hand,

"To-day the boys told me there is no fairy land,

"Nor Santa Claus neither, they say it is not true,

But the one who brings the toys is just
only you.

Now I know there's a Santa, for you told
me so

And of course a boy's mama, why, she
ought to know."

I kissed my precious darling ; wiped
away the tears

And said, " You must have faith just as in
bygone years,

For surely mama knows more than the
naughty boys

Whose parents have to buy them all their
Christmas toys,"

" Because they've driven Santa Claus out
of their hearts ;

But from those who believe in him he
ne'er departs.

There are fairies, too, and they whisper in
your dreams

And oft send you kisses with the morning
sunbeams.

“ Why, Santa and the fairies even come to
me

And tell me great stories of what you are
to be ;

So why should you try to drive Santa
Claus away

When, if you love him, in your heart he
will stay ?”

The Sick Doll.

POOR Dollie's sick, oh, offle sick,
So det 'e do'ter, 'illie, q'ick.
S'e's dot 'e measles, mumps, and 'spepsy,
And toffs 'e same as ol' An' Hepsy ;
I tink s'e's dot 'e tolic, too—
Oh, dea' ! I don' know 'at to do.

I dave 'er penny'oyal tea,
An' peppermin' ; an' le' me see--
'Ess, perrydoric, fo'ty d'ops,
And 'till 'er 'tryin never 'tops.
So det 'e do'ter, 'illie, q'ick,
Fo' Dollie dea' is dreffle sick.

Christmas Morning.

BEFORE sunrise I open my eyes,
Awaked by the shouts of laughter
And merry noise of scampering boys
And girls that come skipping after,
To take a peep, then dive down deep
For the presents in each chubby stock-
ing ;
Their faces alight with the season's de-
light,
They all to my bedside come flocking.

“ Oh, mama, just see what Santa brought
me ! ”

The younger ones cry altogether.
The elder the while with significant smile,
Glance out for the signs of the weather.
New skates must be tried, and sleds be-
side,
And brightly the day is dawning ;

My heart is thrilled with the joy that
filled

It in childhood on Christmas morning.

Ye old and worn with conflict torn,

And shorn of a child's delusion ;

Oh, banish your care and eagerly share

The happiness shed in profusion

By the children sweet in their joy complete,

Every year on that day in December,

Which marks the birth of a happier earth,

In the birth of the child we remember.

Pauline's Questions.

My mama, she has the queerest way
Of wearing kid gloves at night,
And when I asked "Why for?" she
said,
" 'Twas to keep her hands soft and
white."

The other day, I heard her say,
While talking to Miss Susan Brown,
"That Mister Jones has the softest head
Of any man in this town."

This afternoon he came to call
And asked me to sit on his knee.
He gave me some candy, saying--
"Haven't you just one kiss for me?"

To pay up for the goodies of course
I gave him a great bear-hug,
And felt his round head gently--
Why, 'twas hard as a vinegar jug.

"Does my little pet like to feel
The bald spot on top of my crown?"
He laughingly asked as I kept on
Feeling his head all around.

"Oh, no, I am only trying to find
The great soft spot," I said,
"Cause mama says of all the men
You have the softest head.

"Mama, you know, to keep her hands soft
Wears gloves when she goes to bed,
Do you wear them too, not on your hands,
But on the top of your head?"

Mama coughed and her face was red,
While Mister Jones, he seemed quite
dazed

Then mama frowned and crossly said—
My child, why, truly I'm amazed.

"Leave the room at once and because
You were rude, you must stay
With your nurse in the nursery
For the remainder of the day."

Oh, dear me, dearest nursie, won't you
Tell me whatever I've done
That I must stay in the house
And can't have one bit of fun ?

George Washington.

THE little children of our land
Delight to honor Washington,
Who laid for us with his skilled hand,
Of our great state the corner stone.

We love to hear oft told the story
Of Washington in early youth,
Whose rectitude foreshadowed glory
Of manhood swayed by love of truth.

The courage, fearing but a lie
Sustained 'midst perils that appall
And held him ready e'en to die
If need be at his country's call

Obedience taught his command
When destiny called him to lead,
And brave he led his little band
'Gainst fearful odds 'till us he freed.

An Angel of Love.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF LITTLE
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, OF ERIE, PA., WHO
DIED JUNE 13, 1901.

LAST summer, when flowers bloomed
everywhere
Wafting their perfume through all the
warm air,
And little birds sang in the boughs
above
That sweetest of songs, the old song of
" LOVE."

There came to us from his home in the
skies
A dear little angel with love-lit eyes
And brought us a gift from Heaven
above—
That most precious of gifts, the gift of
" LOVE."

This summer, the flowers bloomed just as
fair
And little birds sang with hearts free from
care,
But the "Death Angel" came from the
realms above
And carried away our sunbeam of "LOVE."

But though there's ever a void in my
breast
The Comforter whispers, "God knows
what's best ;
Up in the blue skies, the clouds far above,
Dwells your heart's treasure, your "ANGEL
OF LOVE."

"The little darling from pain is at rest
Waiting for you in "THE REALMS OF THE
BLEST,"
Far from the sorrows of this world, above
In the beautiful home, where all is "LOVE."

Mary's Sweetheart.

CLOSELY to her heart she pressed him
Without a thought of shame ;
Kissed him, struggling, and caressed him,
Nor could I Mary blame,
Although she was eighteen (could you ?)
For he was only two.

Just a little modest yet,
He oft objects to kisses,
Pouts his lips in charming pet,
Unconscious what he misses ;
But will he always be, think you,
As shy as when but two ?

To my Babies.

A WHOOP, a scramble and a rush up the
stair

With eyes a sparkle and faces aglow
To kiss me good morning and play "great
big bear"

"Till mama calls them to breakfast below.

There's Gertrude and John and sweet
Baby Dick,

The liveliest trio in all the world wide,
And if of the darlings I could have my
pick

A mighty hard time I'd have to decide.

For bright little Gertrude I couldn't leave
out,

Nor the thoughtful philosopher, John,
And Dickie—ah me—with his sweet little
pout

If I left him behind, I were surely un-
done.

Each one of the dears has a place in my
heart

Kept warm by their artless and innocent
love.

And somewhat divine unto me they impart,
Somewhat divine from the angels above.

God bless the dear children, whose close
touch with heaven

Sheds something of kindness and inno-
cence here,

Where else naught could be of divinity
given

Where else all were dark and dismal
and drear.

Greeting.

THE winged years relentless speed
From joys of youth to cares of age
Yet every June the well loved page
Of our school-days again we read.

Some, fortunate, beneath the shade
Of Alma Mater's classic halls,
But I afar, whom duty calls,
Rehearse those scenes that ne'er can fade.

Of love a greeting, my dear friends,
While you partake commencement cheer,
Renew your own commencement year—
That year so much of romance lends.

To all our hearts in after years,
When weary of this humdrum life,
Dissatisfied with sordid strife,
We read its lore again with tears.

Like as the eagle youth renews,
So may my friends renew their youth.
The time of love and simple truth,
The time corroding care eschews.

Again let noble ardor thrill—
Ambition boundless as the sea—
Of what you meant to do and be
By your unconquered might of will.

The failures of the past forget,
And shining angels, fair of hope,
The palace gates, long shut, may ope,
Reward with crown your efforts yet.

O unwise wisdom of the world,
The folly of advancing years,
By which the soul is filled with fears
And youthful hope to earth is hurled,

Thee we this day abjure, forsake,
And seek the wisdom of the heart,
Which early friends and scenes impart ;
Thy husks we will no more partake.

But with th' immortals banquet here,
Where plenty crowns the festal board,
And Youth and Hope and Love adored
Are present each successive year.

A Woman's Power.

O WOMAN, in protracted hours of ease,
No wonder that you're always hard to
 please,

Or that you often ask the question why
Eternal time for you drags slowly by.

Then Satan to the adage ever true
Gives to the idler his own work to do,
Using her tongue as a means to impart
To earthly tenants the vile thoughts of his
 heart.

The frail woman with a tongue thus pos-
 sessed

Knows nothing of joy, nor comfort, nor
 rest,

So she takes delight in tearing to tatters
Her neighbor's name as she idly chatters.

From far and near are heard the loud
 "crashings "

Of Madame's fiendish labial thrashings ;
As with a loveless heart and empty mind
She seeks among other things their faults
to find.

The poets ever sang in far ancient days
Of woman's fair form, and woman's sweet
ways,
Soothing the sick with her soft gentle
voice,
Making the hearts of all men to rejoice.

As she urged them on to be brave and
strong—
To turn to the right away from the wrong,
Cheering them in victory or defeat
With the tones of her voice so soft and
sweet.

But she, who to others can peace impart
Must have gentle peace within her own
heart,
And know the secret of a happy life
Free from the venom of all earthly strife,

From envy and hate her heart must be
free

Because she has found occupations three—
First—she has ever work for her mind,
Where dwell noble thoughts she can
always find.

Next, she uses her muscles to bring good
health,

Which far excels all the splendors of
wealth,

And last, yet very best work of all,
She opens her heart to love's own sweet
call.

For Life's a blossom of sorrow and joy,
But the sorrow, in part, we may destroy—
If we live in the atmosphere of love,
The brightest gem in the heavens above.

THE END



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